

ANVIL SPARKS

BY WILBY HEARD



Class PS 3513

Book . R458 A8

Copyright N^o 1910

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



yours for progress
Jacque Greenberg

ANVIL SPARKS

SOME RADICAL RHYMES
AND CAUSTIC COMMENTS

By
WILBY HEARD

Jacques Greenberg



BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 Broadway, New York

BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE,
ATLANTA, NORFOLK, FLORENCE, ALA.

PS 3513

R458A8

1910

COPYRIGHT, 1910,
By
BROADWAY PUBLISHING Co.

©CLA278514

*To my wife this little volume is most lovingly
dedicated.*

WILBY HEARD.

CONTENTS

Memory	7
The Ocean of Sorrow	8
Olalla	9
Song of the Near Future	10
Night Dethroned	12
The Poppy	14
So It Goes	14
To My Wife	15
To Lucile, My Daughter	17
Why?	17
The Tardy Rose	18
Keep A-Going	19
?	20
Truth, the Conqueror	21
Recollections	23
Dreary Night	25
The River	26
Life	28
You Pride the Poet	30
The Public Way	31
Complaint of a Last Year's Leaf	32
You've But to Try	34
A Tint of Pessimism	34
Freedom's Request	36
As for Me—The God of Love	37
God and Teddy	38
To a Church Bell	40
The Worn-out Wage Slave	41
A Sermon	42

Grace	44
Maid of the Future	44
Freedom	46
A White-Slave's Soliloquy	47
Answer Workers	49
The Better Day	51
We Are Nearing Our Goal	53
The Butterfly	54
To the Discouragers	55
The "Gone Astray"	57
The Skeleton of Honor	58
The Moon-Cop	60
A Minute	62
Ode to a Mustache	63
Devil-ution	64
Bill and I	66
A Composition	67
The Chestnut Burr	67
Love's Stages	68
Pleasant Sport	69
Farewell to Summer	70
The Child and the Rose	72
What's in a Name	74
Autumn Wind	75
John D.'s Prayer	76
True Love	78
Life's Inevitable	79
"Gentlemen"	80
November	82
A Capitalist's Complaint	83
Come Join Us	84
Is That So?	86

ANVIL SPARKS.

MEMORY.

Ah! forever have vanished the summers of olden,
When the days of my life first met with their
spring;
When all that I saw was tinged with deep golden,
And sorrow, like pleasure, was e'er on the
wing.

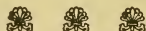
The days when I stood at the foot of life's
mountain,
And with childish vision saw paths to the crest,
And thought I would climb to drink deep of that
fountain
Whose waters of wisdom found birth in its
breast.

So charmed by the fragrance and hues of the
flowers,
Unseen were the thick weeds of care that did
grow;
I yet was to learn from manhood's stern powers,
That only joy speeds, but sorrow goes slow.

I pictured the summit, and how to attain it,
If tired, I'd rest 'neath friendship's broad trees;
How easy, how simple, 'twas e'en to explain it—
The heat of the journey be cooled by love's
breeze.

Oh, yes, they have vanished, those sweet hours of
olden,
Gone is their lustre, and noon-tide is here;
Withered the flowers, their petals did fold in,
And now, one by one, they drop scentless and
sere.

Scarce are the flowers, while weeds without
measure
Have sprung on all sides of that pathway once
fair;
Yet I cling to those petals, tho dried, as a treas-
ure,
A talisman are they that ward off despair.



Good money washes clean an ill name.
He who "serves the public" soon grows rich.



THE OCEAN OF SORROW.

There's a mighty surging ocean,
In this land, we all have seen;

And its briny sobbing billows
 Keep the banks devoid of green.
 You have traversed there, my comrade;
 You have sailed therein, my foe,
 When the winds were wild with anger,
 And the foam tossed white as snow.
 I have journeyed there with loved ones;
 I have rocked therein, alone;
 I have seen frail barks go under;
 Heard the last and dying groan.

Drop by drop, that ocean gathered,
 From a tiny tarn it grew,
 Till it spread and gulfed our borders,
 Till its taste all mankind knew.
 It is you and I, my brothers,
 Who must check this ocean's spread;
 So the children of the future
 Do not drown within its bed.
 Neither you nor I can check it,
 But together, all, we can
 We can dry the sea of sorrow
 With the help of EVERY MAN.



OLALLA.

(On reading R. L. Stevenson's story by that
 name.)

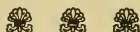
Child of a cursed and woeful doom,
 Dwelling 'mong the cloud-kissed peaks,

Lonely in thy bleak north room.

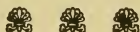
With silent tongue, but eye that speaks.
God-like face and soul of strife,
Mystic maid of a mystic life.

Bent 'neath a yoke by dead sires cast,
At the cost of love, outwitting fate,
Two souls crushed to retrieve the past,
With thy heart's blood appeasing hate.
Child of a cursed and woeful doom,
From first sire's crib to thy cold tomb.

O guiltless love, Olalla fair,
I see thee in thy bleak north room,
Up in that cloud-kissed mystic lair,
With none to ease thy woeful doom;
With none to soothe that rankling woe,
Not even he who loves thee so.



An empty sack won't stand upright; neither
will a full "high-rounder."



SONG OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

Now shattered lie the steel-wrought chains, vile
tyranny has vanished,
The widow's moan, the slave-child's groan, for-
ever have been banished.
And Mammon's force will bring remorse and
blight man's hope no more.

The child his day now joys in play on mead or
 breeze-kissed shore,
 Each man plies a useful trade—machines no
 longer maim—
 And none their brothers now degrade, all share
 an equal claim.
 None of his neighbor is afraid, so no man bows
 in shame.

Dead the misery of the past, and dead both pride
 and crime.
 And joy is here, is here to last, and truth to
 reign sublime.
 And peace has come to live with all, and all shall
 know it well,
 For none shall live in overmuch, and none in
 need shall dwell.

A holy song, is this our song, it rings the world
 around.
 No more on hill, in vale, on sea, shall slavery's
 trace be found.
 For all are free, and e'er shall be—it has been
 so decreed;
 At last we own what we have sown, and nothing
 goes to greed.

Well may we sing, each man a king, who o'er
 himself does reign.
 Myriad souls have bled to bring this priceless,
 priceless gain,
 And so we sing, our praises bring, to those who
 helped attain.

Anvil Sparks

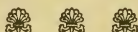
To end all wrong we've battled long with truth
 well set before us,
 But now we've won and the whole throng will
 join in freedom's chorus.
 We do not know a single foe, the feud at last is
 ended.
 The aching hearts have lost their smarts, the
 broken have been mended;

All's peace and love, for the fiends have died since
 Mammon's pow'r was riven,
 The thoughts of all, the aims of all, for mutual
 good are given.
 "From grief and groan to golden throne"—
 we've made this earth a HEAVEN.



He that is born of a hen is surely the son of
 a rooster.—*Chanticleer*.

If God still keeps His first old mill, no wonder
 it grinds so slowly.



NIGHT DETHRONED.

A cloud came out of the west and grew
 Till it shaped a robe for Night born new;
 A robe of gauze in which set arrayed
 The diamond stars that winked and played;
 Glad to be forming a part of the dress

In whose fleecy folds Night found caress.
On her bosom shone like a gem the moon,
Full with a joy she deemed a boon.
To nestle there on the breast of Night
Made her pale sweet face shed glorious light.
The breeze that slept was stirred by love's fire
And rapidly drew o'er its well-tuned lyre
Its gentle touch, and such notes arose,
They woke the trees from their calm repose,
And soon they joined the lovelorn breeze
With enchanted words to its melodies.
And rival both, one sang, one played
To the Queen—the Night—the silent maid,
Who gave to neither hope nor sign,
Nor the least betrayed her heart's design;
Till Aurora heard the music rare,
And rose from her downy bed so fair.
Her chariot mounted, grasped the reins
And sped o'er mountains, vales and plains
To learn the cause of the thrilling voice,
To see the lyre whose strings rejoice.
On finding Night, the sought-for prize,
A jealous flash lit up her eyes;
She stamped her foot till the skies grew red,
The stars drew back and the pale moon fled,
And with voice of birds she called the Day,
Whose very name drove Night away.



John D., Jr., leads his Sunday class through
the milky way so as to safeguard the path to
the Standard Oil.

THE POPPY.

I watched a poppy in my garden
Wave before the Southern breeze,
Saw it bend beneath the pressure
And straighten out again with ease.

I watched a bird light on the poppy,
From this frail perch, thrill its song;
Then the bird flew forth, the flower
Stood erect and naught was wrong.

I watched the rain fall on my poppy,
And I feared 'twould beat it down;
The rain filled full the poppy-petals,
But the flower did not drown.

At last a human paused before it,
Smiled and touched it with the hand—
The flower trembled—shed its petals—
That touch was more than it could stand.



A book more admired than the Bible is the
pocketbook.



SO IT GOES.

So it goes, so it goes
With the thorn, with the rose,

With our joys, with our woes,
All, Time hastily throws
Into its water that flows.

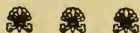
And with hurry they speed,
Like the torrent-tossed weed,
To where none can succeed,
While our broken hearts bleed,
Our souls vainly plead.

So with poverty's stain,
The wealth rich men attain,
What we lose, or we gain
Links into the same chain,
Springs from out the same grain.

And thus, thus must it be
In our life's surging sea—
In the midst of our glee,
Death calls out for his fee
We pay up, and are free.



It is because "In God we Trust"
That man to man is so unjust.



TO MY WIFE.

Our poet has sung of the theme ever new,
And has offered some goodly advice;

And gladly I'd follow it out, if I could,
And be happy to pay the full price.
But O, I have tried it again and again,
And have found it a failure, I say;
For I cannot make love to the lips that are near,
When I think of the lips far away.

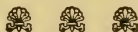
The stars, howe'er bright, cannot equal the sun;
The same do I find with the lasses.
And tho' I do love them; still, there is just one
That the best of the rest far surpasses.
So the rosiest lips be they ever so dear,
(I admire them most highly, I say,)
Still I cannot make love to the lips that are near,
When I think of your lips far away.

As the wandering bird in search of its nest,
Or the laboring bee for its clover;
So does my heart yearn on thy bosom to rest,
In the shade of thy lovelight to hover.
That's why tho' the loveliest lips should appear,
My heart cannot fall as their prey;
And I cannot make love to the lips that are near,
For I think of your lips far away.

The coming of evening your tresses recalls,
And the dawn of the morning your smile.
And everything seems to be breathing of thee;
So there's nothing my thoughts can beguile.
And the lips that to others are lovely and dear
My heart in the least cannot sway;
So I cannot make love to the lips that are near,
When I think of your lips far away.

TO LUCILE, MY DAUGHTER.

Darling, what is it that you are?
What magic this, wrapped up in thee?
I need but think of you, my star,
And all I am takes change in me.
Like some cow'ring brute, hate's merest spark
That ever in my soul did reign,
Slinks, shame-faced, to some dreary dark,
To starve and perish there in pain.
Each gleam of hope spreads out and grows,
Till every crevice of my heart
Lights up, and with radiance glows,
That thrills and makes the heart-cords start.
Sweet pictures of thy flower face
Take form, and shape such beauties rare,
That fill the mind with joy, to trace,
And leaves no nook for grief or care.
Those eyes of thine bring visions of
Two charmed lakes wherein reflect
The secret spells that bind in love,
And build a richer intellect.

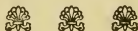


WHY?

Why is my baby's face so sweet?
Why has she such two chubby feet?
Now can you tell me why?

Anvil Sparks

Why is her mouth so rosy fair?
 Why has she golden, silken hair?
 Now can't you tell me why?
 Why are her ears two pretty shells,
 Why are her eyes two sweet blue bells?
 Now can you tell me why?
 Why has she such a charming nose,
 Why are her cheeks just like the rose?
 Now can't you tell me why?
 Why are her lips like ruddy wine;
 Why do they curve so superfine?
 Why do her teeth like ivory shine?
 Now can you tell me why?
 Why place we in her all our trust?
 Why?—just because, because we must.
 Now does that tell you why?



It has often puzzled me to know whether holy spirits are made from holy water.

A worker's wage is rapidly spent, but the salary of the boss increaseth ever.



THE TARDY ROSE.

On its slender stalk a crimson rose
 Sat musing of days gone by;
 She thought of the fast approaching snows,
 As she viewed the greyish sky.

She longed for summer's refreshing dew.
 She craved the breeze's kiss;
 She gazed at the clouds as past they flew
 Inwrapped in their autumn bliss.

Her friends were gone, she the only one
 Still lingered an outcast here,
 She wished a ray of the leaning sun
 Would at least attend her bier.

But alas! beneath the old grey tree,
 In vain she will wait and sigh;
 Not in the season she bloomed, so she
 Must lonely, deserted die.

In vain her cheeks bore their crimson hue,
 To waste did her fragrance go;
 She sinned; her offense was that she grew
 When no other roses grow.



A spineless slave is a boon to his master,
 but one that revolteth is as an arrow in the idler's
 flesh.



KEEP A-GOING.

Have you reached the aim you sought for?
 Have you gained the thing you wrought for?
 Greater things are to be fought for,
 Keep a-going.

Anvil Sparks

Have you found life's pathways dreary?
Have life's burdens made you weary?
Strive on, things will yet grow cheery,
Keep a-going.

Have you been by friends forsaken?
By cares and worries overtaken?
Then to life's bright side awaken,
Keep a-going.

Are you now by friends surrounded?
Are your actions proudly sounded?
Be not by your past deeds grounded,
Keep a-going.

Ever onward, each time better,
Mend an act, a word, a letter,
Thus you'll break your clogging fetter,
Keep a-going.



The wicked is snared by the transgression
of his lips, but the law fears the purse, and
the purse is his.



?

So short a while our lives were sweet,
It scarcely seems a day.
So long a while the storm-winds beat,
It almost seems since aye.

O, why will hearts that once were one
 Be reft, and bleed, and strain?
 Must fleeting joy be e'er outrun
 By dragging care and pain?

Must every life be likened to
 The wintry season when
 The short day scarcely glimmers thru
 To die in night again?

O, must man's discontented soul
 In endless darkness grope
 Forever? And must pleasure's whole
 Lean but on futile hope?



Lying lips are abomination to the Lord and
 man, but they likewise are the life of trade.

The wicked are overthrown (sometimes) but
 always gain the decision nevertheless, while the
 house of the righteous continues to slave for-
 ever.



TRUTH, THE CONQUEROR.

I opened wide the windows of my heart,
 So that the passing breeze might bring to me,
 Some message from the human flowers that
 grow,
 And fill me with a spirit bold and free.

Anvil Sparks

Beside the largest window sat my soul;
And gazed upon the thoughts of human kind,
Which, like so many vapors in the skies,
Float aimless to the dictates of the wind.

But soon the skies grew dark from gathering
clouds,
'Twas plain a storm would prompt come into
birth;
Ere long, thought I, its thunder voice be heard,
To growl, and cast its frown upon the earth.

Among the clouds that gathered, two there were
That seemed to breathe with power long
amassed,
And each of them seemed anxious to pursue
The other's course, from counter quarter cast.

And as they sped, they took on human form,
And donned an armor each, with sword in hand,
And one was black and one was blue with rage,
As at the marked-off center each took stand.

Soon was each weapon flashing clear of sheath,—
Falsehood and Greed upon each other fell,
As each stabbed each, their savage laughs and
cries
Made atmosphere resound with groan and yell.

Fire flashes rose as weapon, weapon met,
Till the darkest niches of the earth found light.
Then seen from far was fast approaching Truth,
Carved on his shield was Justice, Love and
Right.

With a mighty blow Truth struck the two that
fought;

Both dropped to earth, two heaps of worthless
clay.

The darkness broke asunder, and the skies
Shone clear upon a new, grand smiling day.

My soul grew light, for wafted now the breeze,
A happiness, too great for tongue to tell;
A joy in which all human kind took part,
Came laden with perfume o'er hill and dale.



Christ was sold by one of His followers for
thirty pieces of silver; almost any of His pres-
ent followers would sell Him now for about ten
coppers, if they could only get that much.

The book most widely admired is the pocket-
book.



RECOLLECTIONS.

Recollections, recollections,

Oh, ye memories of my youth!

Ye are ghosts, whose resurrections

Are enwrapt in garbs of truth.

How I love your presence near me!

How my heart beats wild with joy!

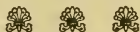
For your very sight doth cheer me,

Turns me back into a boy.

Once again I roam the prairies,
Gathering flowers about the slough,
Pick the angels, earth's sweet fairies
Covered o'er with morning dew.
Watch the sun in all its splendor
Come and bring the birds their lay,
Watch the breezes, low and tender,
Wake the grasses into play.

Once again at twilight seated
On my grand sire's rocking knee,
With my long day's play completed,
Offering up my usual plea:
"Grandpa, tell me, please, my story,
For I soon must go to bed."
And the loving man, so hoary,
Changes to a child instead.

Dwelling with me in my pleasure,
Builds me castles in the air,
Knowing each and every treasure
That my childish heart would share.
Mem'ry only has the power
To bring back that noble breast,
Where my head in twilight's hour
Found its sweetest, grandest rest.



When the Devil failed in his endeavor to tempt Christ he at least kept his temper; but when Jesus failed in His endeavor to get figs from a tree, out of season, He lost His temper—see the point?

DREARY NIGHT.

(1)

Oh, dreary night, oh, wretched night,
Thou and my heart are kin;
From each the sun has taken flight
As though our souls were sin.
Oh, drizzly night, oh, rainy night,
My aching heart's the same;
My salty tears have quenched the light
That comes from hope's bright flame.
Oh, heavy night, oh, miry night,
My heart seems part of thee;
For sunken deep has Sorrow's blight,
Joy's every tendency.
Oh, weeping night, oh, sobbing night,
Has care drained pleasure's urn,
So that e'en truth with all its might
Can't make that sap return?
Oh, sluggish night, oh, fickle night,
The East is turning gray;
Thy tears, thy sobs, thy crushing fright
Will vanish with the day.

(2)

THE CONSOLATION.

Cease thy sobbing, heart of mine,
Cling to hope as clings the vine
To the wall on which it creeps,

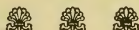
Anvil Sparks

Mocking at the wind that sweeps.
 Cease thy sighing, heart of pain,
 Let thy sobs like falling rain
 On the green earth's loving breast
 Sink into eternal rest.
 Cease thy moaning, heart of care,
 End forever wild despair.
 Man is but a fancy toy
 Whose charm, ranking cares destroy.
 Cease thy aching, heart of woe,
 Life is but a passing show,
 Pining only brings decay,
 Cease thy brooding, join the play.
 Cease thy wailing, heart of mine,
 Turn to pleasure's harp, resign
 Thyself to its tender touch,
 Pleasure can reward thee much.



A prudent man tells not all he knows, but a
 business man lies to beat hell.

A short weight is abomination to the poor,
 but it much increaseth the rich man's wallet.



THE RIVER.

High up a mountain's towering crest,
 In an eternal bed of snow ;
 A fountain lay cradled, caressed ;
 Still it yearned for vales below.

It longed, it sought, it craved to play
 Among the daisies, growing fair.
 How it did wish to meet the day
 When it would leave the mountain's care.

One summer's noon, kissed by the sun,
 It arose with a jolly start;
 And dreams of joy, and dreams of fun
 Caused to o'erflow its eager heart.

It bounded forth to the valleys, where
 The flowers beckoned for its touch,
 To wind in here, and curl out there,
 Its eager spirit hungered much.

It kissed the daisy, kissed the rose,
 And gayly kissed the daffodil;
 Nor paused where first its aim it chose,
 But ran on singing, "I'm a rill."

It leaped o'er pebbles, circled stones,
 While brighter, fairer, grew its gleam;
 And soon it changed its infant tones,
 With child voice sang, "I am a stream."

Thus bounding over rocks it sped,
 And delved through mounds with staunch set
 brow;
 Widening, deepening its sandy bed,
 Singing, "I am a river now."

And ever rippling onward pressed,
 Yet from its longing never free;

With steamers on its noble breast
It onward rolls to reach the sea.



The ways of the Lord are just—too comical
for anything many times.

When the purse is fat then vice finds pardon,
but where poverty is, a tiny shame cries much
aloud.



LIFE.

Oh, Life! thy pathways are so hard,
Ofttimes I gladly would retard.
But then the eyes of Duty gaze,
They spur me on thy thorny ways.
I speed, I clinch with aching breast,
With groundless hope to reach some crest,
Some pleasant spot where I could stay
To pass a happy hour away.

I've journeyed hard, I've traveled fast,
Many a heap of ashes passed,
Many a mark where others stayed,
Where they their heavy burdens laid.
But none seemed suitable to me,
For, in those marks, methinks, I see
Discontentment; in them I read
That he who there paused was not freed.

He did not rest because he willed
But rather 'cause his heart was stilled.
He did not find there what he sought,
But vainly left there all he wrought.

Each aimed to spend a while with thee,
One in great wealth, one in great glee.
One by plunder, and one by crime,
And one by leading a course sublime.

Each one labored with all his might,
Each struggled bravely in the fight,
Each, while striving, battling fell,
What was his gain?—no man can tell.

Oh, Life! will I thus struggle, too—
Wage on, in hopes of reaching you?
Stretch out my hands only to learn
My time has come, "To dust return."

Is this the longing, is this the strife,
Is this what mankind christened "Life"?
Yes, this is life, none can retreat,
All journey on with bleeding feet.

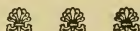
There's this reward, who makes his aim
Glory, self, pride, or wealth, finds shame,
E'en his ashes the wild winds blow,
With never a mark that true hearts know.

While he who gives a helping hand
To aid another climbing friend,

Anvil Sparks

Finds there, part of the pleasure that
The honest soul is aiming at.

But none can reach a place of rest
Where peace will sit in pleasure dressed.
Actions, yearnings, longings, strife,
'Tis these, 'tis these that make up Life.



A humble toiler gaineth favor of his master,
but after 35 the dump heap for his.

A man should not be established by wicked-
ness, but business is business, and pelf does love
its own.



YOU PRIDE THE POET.

You pride the poet for the song,
You praise the painter for the art,
You blame the sinner for the wrong,
You curse the arrow for the dart.

The painter draws from Nature's art,
The poet sings the people's song,
The arrow does the archer's part,
The sinner acts the church's wrong.



The thoughts of the righteous are right, but
if you would succeed in business—forget it.

THE PUBLIC WAY.

I often read the passing crowd;
 For what their faces tell
 Are tales from love's own paradise
 And wails from deepest hell.

Who reads the crowd must learn to know
 All that the worlds contain,
 The finest touch of joy and art,
 The pangs of care and pain.

What brush can paint the lover's look,
 The mother's angel smile;
 The beggar's haggard, hungered form,
 The idler's gaudy style?—

The street-maid's eye with tempting flash,
 The "well-born's" haughty scorn,
 The care-worn, shop-sapped, flesh-machine
 That aches from morn to morn?

What pages ever kissed by type
 Can give the toiler's sigh,
 Can give the dull and listless step
 Of crushed youth, lagging by?

Recall the laugh of careless mind
 Or splendor's glow portray,
 Describe the heartless traffic's voice,
 As does the public way?

Where is the master hand to play
The accents of the street,
Resound the flushed consumptive's cough,
Starvation's faltering feet?

All the philanthropic shelves
That pilfered pelf can raise
Contain but snatches of what's read
Upon the public ways.



The fool is satisfied with the sweat of his brow, but the master steals the fruits of many hands.

One of the most gluttonous creatures is the hen; she eats her food by the peck and several pecks per minute.



COMPLAINT OF A LAST YEAR'S LEAF.

Two last year's leaves on a fresh spring bough
Conversed one with the other:
"These upshoots here, O dear, O dear,
The aged they would smother.

"I well recall when I was young,
Way back in by-gone season;
The young were staid, in fact, afraid
To balk their elders' reason.

"Not so to-day. Our ways seem dead,
Past customs they're deserting;
For now we see, on every tree,
With bird and wind they're flirting.

"They have no care for time nor tide,
Their life to sport is given,
How sad 'twill be for us to see
Them suffer Hell, from Heaven."

And the shrunken leaf a shiver gave,
And then resumed its croaking:
"They grow and spread, and shadows shed,
Our very sunlight choking.

"They seem to think that they alone
Are for this planet fitted.
For Intellect breeds disrespect—
They claim the first's increasing."

The young leaves swayed upon the tree
As though convulsed with laughter;
A titter was heard from breeze and bird
In answer to the rafter.

The anger of the last year's leaves
Waxed stronger and still stronger,
Till the south wind with her heart so kind
Could stand their scold no longer.

And so she tore them from the bough,
And to the earth they scurried.
"They could not grow with the rest, and so,"
Said she, "'Tis best they're buried."

YOU'VE BUT TO TRY.

From the mine's vast depth comes forth the cry;
A voice is heard from the fair blue sky;
The hills re-echo, and cry the plains—
"O, Sons of toil, cast off your chains."

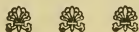
On the gale and breeze the call is heard;
'Tis woven in the song of bird;
'Tis stamped on every ocean wave—
"O, Sons of toil, why do you slave?"

It's the song of every babbling stream;
It is read in every sun-cast beam
In nature's every deed 'tis shown—
"O, Sons of toil, the world's your own."

'Tis heard in the thunder's deafening crash
'Tis seen in the lightning's blinding flash
'Tis the plea of every star on high—
"O, ye Sons of toil, you've but to try."



A man shall be commended according to his
wisdom, but if he is rich he needs no sense.



A TINT OF PESSIMISM.

Weary soul of human mortal,
Curtained e'er by unknown veils;

Groping blindly 'mongst the shadows,
Seeking what can ne'er be found.

Vacant are the halls of pleasure,
Brittle are the walls of hope,
Echoes only haunt the chambers
Where men deem contentment dwells.

Childish is Ambition's striving;
Dreary heart, thy longing vain—
The vast ocean of endeavors
Never yet hath known a calm.

And the soul that strives on, thinking
Rest will crown his efforts soon,
Must still learn through hard experience
That he follows a mirage.

He who seems to be unweary,
Bravely battling Life's rough gale,
Who appears to be contented,
Smiling as he labors on,

Is Zeno's child, searching Hellas,
A Stoic heedless of himself,
Knowing well and full decided:
Rest comes when the heart throbs cease.



Darwin was wrong—most men descend from
the goat. You can tell it by the way they swal-
low all rubbish in Capitalism's back yard.

FREEDOM'S REQUEST.

Bright is the morning, darkness has fled,
The heavens unclouded and blue;
Sweet sing the birds in the trees o'erhead,
The flowers are shedding their dew.
Nature is charming, throbbing with glee,
But you, Oh, my children still sleep,
Drive away slumber, rise up and see
What beauties the morning can reap.

Fresh is the breeze, a sweet, soothing balm,
Oh, rise! let it fan your pale cheek;
The rose's scent your pulses will calm,
I know 'tis hard toil made you weak.
Come to the stream that murmurs near by
And bathe in it your fevered brow;
Hasten, for soon the sun will be high,
Oh! waste not a moment, come now.

Come, let me lead, I know a large wood
Far, far from the city's wild din,
There in its shade you will rest as you should,
The sun's burning rays can't come in;
Wake then! my children, rise up, O rise,
For the time is fast speeding away;
Remember this truth, everything dies,
You, too, before long will be gray.

Your weakness will fade, your covers will fall
If once you find courage to start,

Come, I pray thee! give ear to my call,
As stalwart men, each act your part.
The world—its fruits can all be your own
If only you wake from your sleep,
You've naught to loose and naught to atone,
Rise up! 'tis now harvest, go reap.



Our present laws seem to Whip-poor-Will for
what Katy-did.

Engaged couples like to be knot-tied; mar-
ried couples not tied.



AS FOR ME—THE GOD OF LOVE.

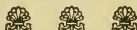
Let Bacchus drown the cares of those
Who like his smell beneath their nose;
And those who bow to Mammon's shrine
Let them their souls to him resign.
And those who quaff the draught of fame,
Let them continue in their game.
And they who sport with wreaths of smoke,
And they who revel in a joke;
And they who cast their coin to priest—
For all such I care not the least.
But as for me the God of Love
Is the one God I'm victim of.
On bended knee before his throne
I offer up my heart's deep groan,

Countless prayers in sobs and sighs
That from my throbbing heart's crypt rise.
They bring me pain, they bring me grief,
And yet in them I find relief.
Each arrow sent with Cupid's dart
E'en tho' it stabs my aching heart
Is still so sweet I would not change
It for Aladdin's lamp so strange;
Unless, 'tcould deeper sink my soul
To drink and qualf from Cupid's bowl.
But this, I know, can ne'er befall
For unto Love I've given all,
My hopes, my cares, my joys, and glee,
That unto death his slave I be.
Yes, as for me, the God of love
Is the one God I'm victim of.



Few go thru the exams. of life with even as
much as a passing mark.

The coldness of our courts may be due to
just-ice.



GOD AND TEDDY.

Theodore Roosevelt has been much wrought
up about getting some anthem established as na-
tional. I spent so many sleepless nights worry-
ing over Roosevelt's worrying that I resolved to
end our worries by creating an anthem for him.

The following God-send came to me in either a dream or a vision. I do not just now recall which:

God of war, of strife and battle,
 God of all dumb-driven cattle,
 Why let cease its roar and rattle
 When lives are so cheap?
 With the Bible, sword, and cannon,
 You can pile good man and man on,
 Till they tower Mount Lebanon
 In an endless heap.

By the aid of church and preacher,
 And with "patriotic" teacher,
 War can be the grandest feature
 Of this noble land.
 Did you ever pause to ponder,
 How fair a sight, how grand a wonder,
 'Tis to see men torn asunder
 In the battle's trend?

God and Teddy, both benighted,
 Are ye blind, or just near-sighted,
 Not to see we're sorely plighted—
 Cursed with warless peace?
 Nations that are far below us,
 In licensed murder still outgrow us,
 'Tis enough in fits to throw us—
 Make our sorrow cease.

We have men with blood and muscle,
 Who have but for jobs to hustle,

Anvil Sparks

Please, let Tafty make them tussle
 With some goaded foe.
 We bring these queries now before ye,
 God and Teddy we adore ye,
 Give us blood, we beg, implore ye;
 Heed us here below.



Many a belle lost her pull by having too many
 hang on her string.

Would someone please explain the difference,
 to me all trusts are STEAL trusts.



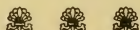
TO A CHURCH BELL.

Cease, ye bell of superstition;
 Let your voice be hushed for aye;
 Dead the fires of your perdition,
 Hell no longer seeks for prey.
 Quenched the embers of God's passion,
 Ashes only now remain;
 God himself is out of fashion,
 Ne'er to be in vogue again.
 Cease you, then, your savage pealing,
 Relic of the vanished past;
 You no longer stir man's feeling;
 Reason's come to stay at last.
 And your churches' space is needed
 For a better purpose far;

Truth your worth has superseded,
 No longer shall you justice mar.
 Useless is your priest and prayer;
 Certain is your well-earned doom;
 The sound you now give to the air
 Is your death march to the tomb.



Friendship seldom sails against the wind.
 All praise him to whom the blessings flow.



THE WORN-OUT WAGE SLAVE.

The man is old, and weak, and weary;
 It rains and the wind is woeful dreary;
 He shakes and clings to a dark smoky wall,
 And envies the dead, wet leaves that fall,
 For the man is old and weary.

His life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 Hard toil and care have made him weary;
 His thoughts dare not even turn to the past,
 For the hopes of youth lie thick in the blast.
 His life has been made so dreary.

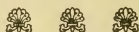
Be calm, sad heart, and cease repining;
 In a parlor grand, on silks reclining,
 Is he who plunders the workers all;
 Is he who has crushed thee to this wall;
 His life is not dark and dreary.

Anvil Sparks

Stir up, crushed soul in vain repining,
 Each cloud, 'tis said, has a silver lining,
 Be up and help to regain your own,
 Salvation lies with thee alone,
 End the days so dark and dreary.



The mare stood on the dumping car,
 As the hand of cruel death shook her;
 But before she fell, so I hear them tell,
 The beef trust came and took her.



A SERMON.

Twice base-born he who cannot say:
 "I know there is a God on high."
 The fact the opposite does prove,
 For God's sake, man, it pays to lie.

Nor church nor creed, e'er called for truth,
 'Tis faith, pure faith, religions crave—
 Oh, yes, they likewise wish your coin,
 For which they'll bless you to the grave.

If reason turns you from the priest,
 Heed not its voice, but stuff your ear
 With pulpit hash, and you will get
 In heaven what you needed here.

That is, you'll get it—where the cat
Her little fancy ribbon bore—
You'll get it all in heaven, if
You chance to find the "Golden Shore."

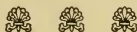
To pave a beach with gold, you know,
Takes cash. The church the contract made.
They need much more to do the job
In time for your expected shade.

So give, and freely give, my friend,
The plans are all completed, and
God's minister waits for you now;
Make haste to fill his greedy hand.

If you would know what road it be
You travel now—on faith or truth?
If with your parson you agree,
You're right; if not, you're wrong, forsooth.

But ere I close, remember this—
I'm speaking from the parson's view.
Now read o'er stanza one again,
For it contains a splendid cue.

I got that tip from a clergyman,
And he told it from the pulpit grand.
He didn't say it just like that,
But then, you see, I understand.



Landlords, like barbers, give you a close shave
with their "good" raisers.

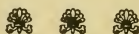
GRACE.

Oh! she hath eyes that haunt me,
Eyes like the stars above;
They charm, they lure, they taunt me,
These orbs of magic love.

Some day when you've grown weary
Of this coquettish life,
That made my soul so dreary,
That filled my days with strife.

When weary grown of flitting,
And other loves depart,
When those who sought, are twitting,
And grief hath pierced thy heart.

Then come to me, my dearest,
My heart will still be thine,
The truest soul, the nearest,
To cheer thee, will be mine.



MAID OF THE FUTURE.

(Suggested by Longfellow's "Maidenhood.")

Maiden! with the fiery eyes,
In whose orbs true Freedom lies
Like the grey in dawning skies,

Thou, whose thought the Truth has won,
Thou canst have false vogues undone,
That for ages long have run.

Freedom calls, her voice is sweet,
Help it make life's joy complete—
Apathy spells vile defeat.

Let thy love-lit eager glance
Note the Present's swift advance
Toward the Future's broad expanse.

Naught can check this rushing stream,
Grander far than poet's theme—
'Twill turn to fact Joy's present dream.

Tell those cursed with indecision,
This is no mere dream Elysian:—
Facts to laggards seem but vision.

Voices speaking from the past
Vow that Slavery's doom is cast;
Love alone was born to last.

Tyrants weave in vain their snare,
They will only catch despair—
If we guide our steps with care.

Ere the morning turns to noon
Their efforts all will lie in ruin:
So string your lyre to Freedom's tune.

Dolts held sway while Justice slumbered
 But now are their moments numbered;
 Freedom smiles to the encumbered.

Deep the slaves have sowed their power;
 Nearer draws the harvest hour:
 Then you'll see how braggarts cower.

They that wore the sword or crown
 Will ply their part beside the clown
 And turn their skin to labor's brown.

Therefore, MAID, to thee we plead,
 YOUTH and vigor both we need
 Join the fray, help TRUTH succeed.



When a scoundrel comes to court a lawyer
 does the wooing.

Love has a twin sister with keener vision
 known as Sympathy.



FREEDOM.

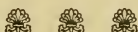
(After the song: "Father, Dear Father.")

Freedom, Oh Freedom, do come to us now,
 Loud sounds the clank of our chains;
 They say that you come to your children in need—
 Oh come, then, and end our long pains.

The times are now hard, the wolf's at the door,
And Mammon still strengthens its grasp;
Labor grows cheaper while food grows more
dear,
And poverty tightens its clasp.

Freedom, Oh Freedom, do come to us now,
The chains are so tight that we bleed.
All the laws are corrupt and strangled lies truth,
While honor is servant to greed.
The masses are bridled, the rich hold the reins,
And speak not, but lay on the lash—
True manhood is crushed and turned into pelf,
For profit is dearer than flesh.

Freedom, Oh Freedom, do come to us now,
For soon will thy help come too late;
Our liberties taken, our strength all subdued,
The spark of our love turned to hate.
We'll be like the oxen, the beasts of the plough,
Or still worse, the common machine—
Come then, Oh Freedom, while still there is time,
Oh, come while you still can redeem.



A WHITE-SLAVE'S SOLILOQUY.

I have dodged the sergeant's grafty paw,
Have fought the cold, defied the law,
Have tramped the dreary, long night through,
Stopped countless men and pleased a few.

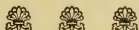
And now I stand, to greet the morn,
An object vile, a thing forlorn;
A creature void of Love, of truth,
A mock'ry to my virgin youth,
Scores of passionate lips I've felt,
And to as many my kisses dealt;
All men's hireling I have been,
The "pure" with me have left their sin.
I've been embraced by arms of fame,
Have been the mate to brutes of shame,
I've proved the toy to men of wealth,
Walked hand in hand with those of stealth.
For such must be the harlot's lot—
A sponge to dry up virtue's blot.

O Life, as I look back, I see
What I was, and am, and still must be.
Far back, far back, when life was new,
When joys were many, cares but few,
When mother lived—O, mother dear,
'Tis well, 'tis well, you are not here.
Speed on, O, Time, erase, erase
Of that sweet day each mark, each trace;
Nor pause too long on later scenes—
The curtain draw upon my teens.
I cannot, dare not view the past,
Enough! 'tis vanished in the blast.
And now, the NOW in which I drown,
Where all seem glad to help me down,
Where not a hand is stretched to me,
Where not a friendly soul I see,
Where not a beacon-light will guide
Me o'er the shoals or maddening tide—

I'm mad myself to talk like this,
What right have I to hope or bliss?
I who must trade my soul for coin,
Who for my bread the vilest join,
I, the damned, the vulture's prey,
A courtesan of the great white way.
Ere long I'll be a cast-off shell,
Waiting lone for the call from hell,
A useless jade, and shoved aside,
For all to sneer at, rail, deride;
No longer fit my form to yield,
A prospect for the Potters' Field—
But now I'll seek a bed, for when
The sun has reached the west again,
The moon awake, stars brightly set,
Fresh and fair must I be "to let."
For e'en when there's no soul to save,
There's a mouth to feed and thirst to lave.
O God, that they who trample me,
Should wear the crown of chastity!



As ye sew so shall ye rip.
When ignorance is bliss—we get prosperity
messages.



ANSWER WORKERS.

Whyfore stand you, brawny toilers,
Like the trees in closing autumn

Anvil Sparks

Stand in silence dumb permitting
Every vulgar frost and whirlwind
Pluck them of the fruits they labored,
Rob them of their leaves and herbage,
Trample on their sprigs so tender?

Whyfore act you like the savage,
Who allowed the shrewd intruder
For a bit of sparkling trinket
Steal away their homes and pastures,
Gold and silver, yea, their birthright,
Even slowly crush their nation
Till ere long in grim extinction,
All their race shall be forgotten.

Know you not who are the masters?
It is in your might to conquer!
Nay, it is your task and honor,
For your right to stand up boldly!
What is yours no thief should plunder,
Every day you serve the idler,
Coward-like you act and wrongful,
To yourselves, your friends and offspring.

Wake then, men of brain and sinew,
Times are rife, and cry for action,
Let the dawn of truth and justice
Penetrate your rusty teachings,
Rid you of your superstitions,
Yours the earth; then why not take it,
And enjoy the wealth it offers,
As you now permit your spoilers?

THE BETTER DAY.

The evening sun had vanished,
 The birds to the branches fled;
 The factories' hum grown silent,
 But loud the homeward tread.

I scanned the weary faces
 That left those dungeons drear;
 I thought I gazed at shadows
 Which twilight makes appear.

For surely naught that's human
 Such form could ever take,
 So withered, lean, and haggard,
 'Twas strange they did not break.

Some staggered, staggered forward,
 And labored not to fall;
 'Twas they who long had followed
 Necessity's dire call.

And yea, among them children,
 Whose 'teens were distant still,
 Dragged their weary muscles
 With dull and broken will.

What do these tender flowers
 Among those stunted stalks?
 For whom the grassy bowers,
 If they must haunt these walks?

Anvil Sparks

For whom the paths of pleasure
If these bear yokes of slaves?
For whom the zephyr's music?—
These dwell in living graves.

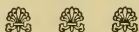
And even they, the old ones,
Are aged in all but years;
They've toiled away their marrow,
And prospered but in tears.

Why pass they by the mansions,
In sickening holes to dwell?
Why sniff they at the cookings—
Is only theirs the smell?

And the shadowy faces answer
What the tortured souls don't know:
Some day, some day we'll conquer
And crush our sapping foe.

Some day, we'll have the palace,
Have all that is our own;
Already wakes the murmur,
And justice prompts the groan.

'Tis slow, but sure, our battle
For Justice will prevail,
The slave will break his shackle,
The Tyrant's rule must fail.



When thieves fall out honest folks hear of an
auto wreck.

WE ARE NEARING OUR GOAL.

We are nearing the goal where our ambition
leads

And no hand of a foe shall e'er daunt us.

We will strive for that goal with our thoughts
and our deeds

In spite of all hardships that front us.

We have mounted the gallows, have felt the
sharp spear,

Have been fed on the diet of lead;

We have swum in our gore till the flag we hold
dear

Took the hue of the crimson we shed.

We are nearing our goal and we'll reach it at
last,

For all that our foes have bereft us

Of thousands of souls,—in the mould of Truth
cast,

There are countless and countless still left us.

And these shall march on till the vict'ry is won,

The enemy's rank has grown weak,

They falter, they wrangle; the crimes they have
done

To hide them, in vain they now seek.

And when they have fallen for die falsehood
must;

When they who now hound us shall perish;

Then Liberty'll raise her fair head from the dust,
And we'll gain the goal that we cherish.



Most people knit their brows before they
darn a thing.

The judge charges the jury and the bribers
pay.



THE BUTTERFLY.

Behold, the brightest gem that's set
In lover's crown am I,
My greatest wish, be cost what may,
'Tis mine for just a sigh.
My merest smile out-values far
The miser's treasured purse;
A single word, a frown of mine
Blights more than prophet's curse;
For I'm a ruler's concubine,
My slightest wish is law,
I laugh at custom's whining ways,
For naught, I stand in awe.
There's many a wife in legal bonds
With envy stares at me—
But she sees only what I'm now
Not what I soon may be.
Fain would I chase this fiendish thought,
I hate the future's grin,

I'd rather live in just to-day;
And joy in love and sin.
But oft when flickers low the light
When my own course I view,
I ponder deep the time to come
When beauty's gifts I'll rue.
When brighter eyes and smile than mine
Will lead him to his mirth,
When I'll be the rejected one
The useless one on earth—
For I'm a rich man's mistress fair,
A human butterfly;
A thing to sport a season through,
And then—in grief to die.



The Polish people have a saying: "Much cloud, little rain." In our glorious country we may say: "Much noise, little brain."

There is no vessel so air-tight but truth will leak out.



TO THE DISCOURAGERS.

Back ye traitors to all justice,
Ye who cannot bear the right,
Ye who in the hour of morning
Still cling to the thoughts of night.
Ye who love to lodge in shadows,
Ye who prate the sluggards rhymes,

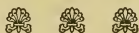
Anvil Sparks

Ye who fear to greet the future
And march on to better times.

Back, I tell ye, if ye dare not
Bravely join the gallant band,
If ye will not aid the strivers,
If ye have no helping hand.
Slink in silence to your dwellings,
Hug your darkness human moles;—
Why hang on like gnawing cancers,
Ye who know no honest goals?

They who struggle need pure breathing
And ye foul the decent air.
Like a carcass in June weather,
Poisoned atmosphere ye bear.
Life is action, thought is progress,
If ye will not live nor think,
Hold your tongues,—in silence perish,
Back into your hovels shrink.

Truth is with us, we can't falter,
Her bright pathway leads to fame:
And we have no time for laggards
Lacking courage, hope and aim.
We will climb unto the summit,
While ye fondle your decay;
We will rear a grand republic,
While ye waste your dust away.



The trouble with most people is they can't see
the point till after they've sat on it.

THE "GONE ASTRAY."

I met one day, on my busy way
A maiden the world calls "gone astray."
Her face was fair, and her silken hair—
The sun's golden rays lay nestling there.
The color true of the roses' hue,
Adorned her lips, and peach-cheeks too;
But over the former seemed sparkling a dew.
Her youthful eyes, I know the skies
Such luster would treasure and dearly prize.
She looked at me with a smile of glee
But 'twas not the smile I longed to see.
My heart went wild for this wayward child;
And I begged her to leave the path beguiled.—
Then she turned on her heel and scornfully
smiled.

"Serpent," I said, as I shook my head,
"Slimy creature with a soul stark dead.
'Tis such as you with a heart untrue
That start the race all who join must rue."
"O, no," said she, "It is such as ye
That start the race from which none can free.
It is you with your pureness and chastity,
Your customs cruel and your church and school:
They lead astray, they beguile and fool.
They lie, they blame; they scorn and they shame,
But never attempt to cleanse one's name.
They speak of right, but they deal with blight,
And strangle truth with the coils of night,
And covet the nature of the ravenous kite."

She paused for rest, and her panting breast
 Told how the ways of the world opprest,
 She heaved a sigh: "Do you think 'twas I
 That chose the gutter instead of the sky?
 What folly to think that one would sink
 Of her own accord to Satan's brink;
 Yet such is the mold in which good-folk think,
 Since infant time have the 'wise,' 'sublime'
 Called selling the body a woeful crime;
 But life's very whole, the soul, the soul,
 Themselves they sell for a paltry toll."
 I bowed my head at what she said
 And felt her words strike home like lead;
 'Twas the "clean," the "good" that her shame
 have spread.



He who by the plow would thrive, hires others
 to hold and drive.

Who desires nothing more deserves something
 less.



THE SKELETON OF HONOR.

The following epic, which is a ballad, was suggested to me by the many attempted suppressions of news regarding the thefts of "our" kleptomaniacs, and the occasional pilferers caught in the first class hotels.

The two most exploited excuses are—that

the victim is suffering with the rich man's disease (kleptomania), or that it was the irresistible desire to have a souvenir of the place. It is to these caught and uncaught pillars of society, these skeletons of honor, that I dedicate this poem most welcomely.

Halt! halt! thou titled guest,
What's that so tightly prest
Beneath your sporty vest—
Some souvenir?
I stood behind that post,
Per instructions of your host;
Knabbing filchers is my boast—
There are others here.

Last night a lady fair,
With false and colored hair—
She sat right over there—
Well I remember.
Such mien, such grace, such taste,
Yet, Lord, with what a haste
Things flew into her waist,
As though 'twere some chamber.

Then spake the Viking soul
(Much like a small-sized mole),
"How dare you say I stole,"
Madly it thundered.
"I'll teach you, surly bloke,
To regret that thus you spoke,
You born for the yoke,
You of the plundered."

Anvil Sparks

Soon drew my master near,
 "What's all this racket here?"

I made my story clear—

He was arrested.

Next morn 'twas found that he
 Was Lord Grab All Yousee,
 So the blame fell all on me,
 And I was bested.

His counsel at court declared
 The Lord he must be spared,
 For like all the rich he shared
 The awful disease.

I for "accusing" him,

I for "abusing" him,

And for "misusing" him,

Was jailed, if you please.



He who reckons without his host, may have
 something left.

He who cracks the shell seldom eats the
 kernel.



THE MOON-COP.

I paused on the bridge one evening,
 But short, aye, too short was my stop,
 For the moon-man rose out of the city,
 And I took that fat face for a cop.

I was born in the land of the freemen,
 As my great grandsire's papers will show,
 But since I must slave for a living,
 'Tis workingmen's freedom I know.

And that's why I have an aversion
 For the man that straggles the street
 With the tread of a well built Jumbo,
 And a job that is only a beat.

"Dive home," to myself I murmured,
 And began for my hovel to strive;
 When the thought rushed in upon me;
 "What cop's not at home in a dive?"

"Were I rich, to some club I would hasten,
 But I'm not, and there is the rub;
 Yet the poor, the poor," I pondered,
 "Are certainly used to the club."

Not being a good politician
 For running I failed to be meet,
 So I dropped on a bench near the railing,
 And painfully felt my de-feat.

No hope had I for escape now
 And awaited his coming pell-mell,
 I expected to go right to prison,
 For 'tis custom, the toiler to cell.

I pictured my stand before justice,
 To answer but not to retort,
 A humble but well meaning suitor,
 Unwillingly brought in to court.

In fancy I saw him, "His Honor"—
But fancy did not take me far,
For the worker in all undertakings
Soon finds himself up at a bar.

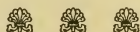
And seated there by the railing,
Dull thoughts thru my weary brain passed,
You see I was hungry, and tired,
And slow,—because of my fast.

While I sat there, pale Luna sailed upward,
And rose far, far o'er my head.
Then I saw the cause of my terror,
The phantom from which I had fled.

In this moony affair there's a lesson,
The toilers should study and learn:
For most of the things that they shrink from
Are moon-cops that flee if you turn.



Beauty draws more than a porous plaster.
At Rome do the Romans.



A MINUTE.

The work of a minute, who would think,
Life, Love and Death rest on its brink?
And yet 'tis so, within that time

Are born the deeds of Right and Crime.
A slave beheaded, a king is crowned;
A prisoner freed, a freeman bound.
A conflict lost, a victory won;
A world destroyed, a world begun.
A word withheld, which Time will rue,
A thought let loose none can subdue.
A tyrant's wish, in fear fulfilled,
And Freedom's lips for years are stilled;
And thousands bleed, and thousands die,
And thousands vainly plead and cry.
A sentence spoke, at martyr's cost,
And Truth has gained and Falsehood lost.
A moment's loss, and years of pain
Follow, gnawing, in its train.
A moment's haste, and all too soon
December blights the work of June.
A timely smile and love in glee
Goes singing to eternity.
A cheerful word and death is stayed,
And level seems life's rocky grade.
This and more can crowd a minute—
Who would think so much is in it?



ODE TO A MUSTACHE.

Coax it, coax it, little man,
Treat it gently if you can;
Pull it, jerk it, make it grow—
O, a mustache creeps so slow!

Pardon queries, but, I pray,
Must you have it right away?



He who has others do his work laughs at
soiled hands and worn clothes.

Let him first get rich who would be well
spoken of.



DEVIL-UTION.

With "Excuse me, please," to Langdon Smith.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
Some million years ago,
We both may have been an excellent dish
For some homely Ape, don't you know.
Perchance he swallowed us both with one gulp
In the depths of the Cambrian fen;
Be that as it may, I feel it to-day,
That I loved you, even then.

Chased by a whale and chased by a seal,
And beat by the mad tide's pelt,
'Twas all I could do to hold on to you,
So oozy and slimy you felt.
The world didn't care for either a rap,
We seemed no part of its chain,
So we lost our breath and went to our death,
Then sneaked into life again.

I didn't shave and you didn't paint
In those eons, eons agone,
Nor did you wear a rat in your hair,
Nor a corset to cramp and pinch;
No high hat fine nor cane for mine,
We were glad that we lived at all;—
Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
Such life and such love were a cinch.

The years they came and the years they went,
Things changed, for such was the style;
And the Ape that ate us we swallowed in turn,
We lived and we died every while
I recall — do you? — the Mammoth I slew,
And both of us howled with delight—
Who would have thought, at Delmonico's,
We'd sit and dine to-night?

Yet such is fate; and every plate
We taste of to-night is grand.
Phew! phew! for the bones in the Bagshot stones
We munched on the wild sea strand.
And far more dear is the music here
Than the jungle choir's screech,
While the swish of your silken skirts, I vow,
Surpasses the wave on the beach.

So while we think of times long dead
As we chat o'er some dainty dish,
Or plan the course that spells divorce,
Please let us not forget—
To drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole, and I was a fish.

BILL AND I.

I met one day upon my way,
A curly bearded goat,
And until then I did not ken
How ably I could float.

He met me square, he met me fair,
I vow by this, my tale;
He winked his eye, I felt the sky,
So quickly did I sail.

When I came down I thought the town
Had turned about and fled;
For all I found, besides the ground,
Was Bill with bowed-down head.

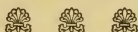
The brute, thought I—I most could cry—
Is sorry for his deed;
I nearer drew a yard or two,
To give him chance to plead.

O, woe is me, I now can see
How grievously I erred,
I need but *sit* to think of it,
So grievously I fared.

Well may ye talk and boast of luck
Who never trusted BILL,
Ofttimes I wake in fear and shake,
And think I'm sailing still.

A COMPOSITION.

A penny stick of chewing-gum,
A five-cent fancy cane,
A brainless skull, a stylish hat,
And suit with watchless chain;
A window pane upon one eye,
(I'm sorry if I'm rude)
But the aforesaid articles
Compose the first class dude.



He who grabs much shouts, "All have
enough."



THE CHESTNUT BURR.

I never knew how chestnuts grew,
Until I went a-picking;
Nor did it e'er to me occur
That such a tiny chestnut burr
Could give one such a pricking.



Some things we believe; some things we be-
lieve we believe; and some things we make be-
lieve we believe.

Patriotism is a narcotic—at first it stimulates, but later turns its victim into a fiend who, at last, dies an idiot.



He who troubles himself not with others' business dies poor.

The fool steals an egg, the wise an ox.



LOVE'S STAGES.

At ten I loved sweet Katie dear,
Felt happy, but, when she was near;
We nobly treasured each other's heart,
And vowed death only us could part.

At twelve 'twas Mable sealed my fate,
No other e'er should be my mate.
She promised to be all my own,
I truly lived for her alone.

At fourteen, Ah! sweet, fairy Ann,
I loved her like a full grown man.
I thought of her at work and play,
And deemed her mine fore'er and aye.

At fifteen a new face revealed
A love that till then had been sealed,
I thought no angel more divine,
And swore till death she should be mine.

But sixteen came and brought a change
That drove all past loves out of range.
Angel May, with golden hair,
Awoke a love naught could compare.

At nineteen many that I met
Received my love and hold it yet.
But decide I could no longer,
Which deserved *my* love the stronger.

And now since I've past twenty-one
It is that true love has begun;
For now I love the large and small—
In fact, I love them one and all.



He who would be rich in one year and not
hang for it must succeed in three months.

Hunger is the best sauce. That's why the
philanthropists feed it to the poor.



PLEASANT SPORT.

Aurora smiled as she raised her head,
And found the night's last moments fled;
But shook her locks as she heard the horn
Of the hunter gay on the infant morn.
And her bright smile changed to a look of care,
While the brow grew sad that beamed so fair,

For she knew that sound; the tale it told:
Some creature wild from the neighboring wold
Would meet its fate ere the day was done,
And fall a prey to the huntsman's gun.

When the day's sun set the hunter came
(His heart aglow with his perfect aim)
To his waiting bride, and spread his spoil,
To count the all of his pleasant toil.
The dogs sat round, serene and wise,
Their love-light shone from their gleaming eyes;
They asked no pay; they found reward
In the hearty laugh of their queen and lord,
Who never paused to think, or sigh
For the guiltless thing he caused to die.



Who others has driven can sleep till 11; but
who for bread must strive, must rise at 5.

He who can give much alms must first have
stolen them.



FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell to your golden hours,
O, summer days,
Refreshing winds and showers,
And shining rays;
Fleecy clouds and balmy skies,
And song of bird.

Farewell to you breezes' sighs
 Whose breathing stirred
The heart of man to forget,
 His woe and care,
And thoughts whose brooding let
 In wild despair.
Farewell to you bowing trees
 Whose branches shed
Their dark shadows as to ease
 The weary head.
The falling leaves scattered round,
 Like withered hopes,
Are being too thickly found
 On hills and slopes;
Slowly, sadly I pick up
 A fallen leaf,
And my heart's o'erflowing cup
 Of longing grief
Forms a fountain of regret.
 'Tis a cruel dart
That we who have barely met
 So soon must part.
Farewell, flowers, stars of earth,
 Whose fragrant breath,
Almost at its very birth,
 Is kissed by death.
Your tender stems, petals fair,
 Your beauty all,
Must wither in autumn's air,
 Fade, die and fall.
Again, farewell, sweet summer skies,
 And balmy air,

In vain will seek my eager eyes
 The birdies fair
 That would call at early dawn,
 In happy glee,
 To sing on my grassy lawn
 And leafy tree.
 The gay brook our meadow owns,
 Its gentle lay
 Seems changed to sad, mournful tones.
 No more it's gay;
 Soon will winter's icy hands
 Its chains bring forth
 And bind it with snowy bands
 Made in the North.
 Hushed will be the bee's low hum,
 His busy toil;
 And till a new, bright, spring does come,
 Live on his spoil.
 Oh, this parting gives me pain
 That words can't tell;
 All I can do, repeat again:
 FAREWELL, FAREWELL.



Where there's a Will there's a May—some-
times.



THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

My heart was sad last night, so I
 To cheer myself, to read did try.

It failed, for I grew sadder still
As one by reading oftentimes will.
I then sang songs, the songs of old,
That tales of love and childhood told,
But all proved vain, both book and song,
Though ever right they now seemed wrong.
I walked the flower garden through,
Unmindful of the breeze that blew
The sweet perfume the flowers shed,
But paused and plucked from a rose-bed,
One tender rose; with it in hand
I went beside my door to stand,
Assured that naught my soul could cheer,
Once that it grew so sad and drear.

A child came by with song-like voice
And found my rose to be its choice.
"Please give me that flower, do,"
It murmured as its eyes of blue
Met mine, its chubby arm at length
To take the gift—a new, glad strength
Shot through my soul, I felt as though
I ne'er had known deep cares or woe.

I gave the rose, and hugged the child,
Stamped it with kisses fast and wild.
It went its way and from the dark
Cell of my heart, arose the spark
That woke me to the tender breeze
And to the birds among the trees.
I noted for the first that night
How clear the pale moon shone and bright.
I felt rejoiced, my cares had fled,

I hummed an air for infants bred,
And all because a child had called
For the rose that I unconscious pulled.



He who loves to employ himself will soon
die of overwork.

He who has no children knows not what love
means—nor worry either.



WHAT'S IN A NAME.

A maiden whose beauty was hazy
Was different from those who are lazy;
She used padding and paint,
Till she looked like a saint
And the boys that saw her, said "Daisy."

A lover who lived in a dell
Died—— where he went I can't tell,
Nor could I find out
As I lingered about,
While the pastor was sounding his—"Nell."

A lass wished to go to a play
With her beau, but papa said nay,
So she coaxed along,
Till he thought himself wrong,
And said, "Yes, my daughter, you 'May'."

A girl who was getting her muse on,
The piano her fingers would use on,
Her neighbors went mad
And one was so bad,
That this is the case that he—"Susan."

A widow of forty, a fairy,
Knew a rich man with a dairy,
She worked her scheme well—
The rest, need I tell?
I'll just give her name, it is—"Mary."

A botanist known as Billie,
None would have thought him so silly,
Married a "flower,"
Received as his dower
Change of notion regarding his—"Lillie."

A penniless dude named Kenny,
A sport who had sweethearts many,
Just whispered to one
That cash he had none;
Now he has, but he hasn't got—"Annie."



AUTUMN WIND.

The hurrying wind leaps over the hill,
Ruffles in passion the slow winding rill;
Glares at the flowers and tugs at the trees,
Scatters their leaflets wherever he please.

Urges the clouds with tyrannical force,
 Leaves dire destruction all over his course.
 In vain seek the songsters to steer from his path,
 Fearing to face his wild bluster and wrath.
 He scowls at the skies, and growls at the sun,
 Dissatisfied still with all he has done,
 He furiously hastens to rage o'er the sea—
 Leaving the world as my soul is in me.



One ounce of originality is worth ten pounds
 of imitation.

Tyranny and Ignorance ride the chariot of
 Slavery drawn by the steeds Fear and Doubt.



JOHN D.'S PRAYER.

John sent me the following, his last Sunday's
 inspiration, for criticism. I in turn submit it to
 the public:

Roll on, ye Copper Pennies, roll
 And drop into my vault, until my soul
 Can rest assured I'm owner of the whole!

Pray on! pray on! ye children of the poor,
 I've asked the Lord—He says He can endure
 Your nonsense, till at last it proves a cure.

And while it keeps the foolish masses quiet,
And keeps them thinking present ways are right:
I need not fear the future's promised fight.

Heave up, heave up, thou big, fat mighty earth!
You can't fool me, for well I know your worth;
Nor am I one to stand for foolish mirth.

The endless chain of my cheap-paid-for toil
Will tap your every vein till it uncoil,
And drain its last, last drop of Standard Oil.

O Earth, my trust I gave to Heaven true;
Not so, my love, that gave I all to you.
You are the richest source I ever knew.

And with your help the human race I'll wield—
Make me your God, and I'll make you my shield.
Love you I will as long as oil you yield.

Now, Holy God, I turn my voice with glee—
Thanks, thanks for many favors shown to me.
All bear me malice, I but envy Thee.

I've gathered all I could within Thy fold,
Nor once o'erlooked the poorest, young or old
And in Thy name my Standard Oil I sold.

Guard Thou my house, and let Thy blessings
 flow;
Not from above, but rather from below;
For I am humble—ask my Class, they know.

My darling child, sometimes I think he be
Another Son sent down, O Lord, by Thee,
To teach the heathen world humility.

I ask not much, O Lord, just to succeed
That all the world thru me obtain their feed;
For none know better what the poor most need.



The Lord's prayer may be good enough for
Him but not for a MAN.

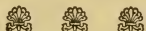
Horses neigh, asses bray, and dunces pray.



TRUE LOVE.

True love has never sought reward,
But freely gives without accord
To how, to why, to where or when;
Gives all, and seeks to give again.
It thrives on rocks, on thorns it treads,
And gayly goes where courage dreads.
It laughs at hate and smiles at fears,
Cools its pains in its silent tears.
It welcomes want, it welcomes needs;
On what it gives its soul it feeds.
Its silence speaks in tongue so deep
That e'en the deaf are bound to reap
Its meaning vast, and so sublime,
Its sweet and charming, soothing chime.

It never asks for words of praise;
And shines alike on cloudy days
As when the sun in beauty wakes
On snow-clad hills or sparkling lakes.
To give all it can afford,
That is true love's best reward.



"Come, going up?" said high price. "No, I
go down," said low wage.

We can't complain against our present system,
it's all-riot.



LIFE'S INEVITABLE.

O, the saddest of all mem'ries
That can crowd our earthly lot,
Is of loving friends we cherished,
And alas, who now are not.

Friends who journeyed on our pathway,
Who with kindly word or deed,
Helped to lighten heavy burdens,
Helped us nobly to proceed.

They who never lagged a moment
To extend a helping hand,
Whose bright smiles and gentle manners
Deeper wrought than gruff command.

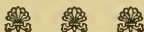
Anvil Sparks

Yet who faltered in life's battle
Their own course but half way o'er,
Weary grown in earth's wild conflict,
And left to join us never more.

Who among the living mortals
Can look back along his day,
And perceive not 'mongst the vanquished,
One thus resting by the way?



He who would thrive must learn to drive.
Ofttimes to avoid a swamp we rush into a
quagmire.



"GENTLEMEN."

We're the leeches of the nation,
We're the drones of the creation,
And we burden habitation
With our high degree of station,
While our occupation—
Is the "Gentleman."

To work is not in our line,
For that we're born too fine;
But we gamble and drink wine,
We're the nation's porcupine
And we're named by the divine—
As the "Gentlemen."

We let the masses toil,
And ever cause them broil,
We know how them to foil,
How their gains to spoil;
We call ourselves the Royal—
Or the "Gentlemen."

Our wealth from poor we press,
In silks and frills to dress,
And leave to them all stress;
Our country's "dear" progress
Still worries us the less—
We are "Gentlemen."

The mass, it is our tool,
It sweats to keep us cool,
We call it simple fool!
Or government mule.
While we are under rule—
As the "Gentlemen."

Now, say, can you deny
Our power comes from high?
We laugh at groan and sigh
Of workers passing by,
For only from our eye—
Shines the "Gentlemen."

He whose noble strain
Base labor does not stain,
But fats on stolen gain,
May take right to maintain
Our new self-chosen name—
Which is "Gentlemen."

NOVEMBER.

November's scent has filled the air;
Dead leaves lie scattered everywhere;
The branches of the trees stand bare,
And sad and drear.

I long to have the summer stay
Another month, a single day—
But all in vain, in vain I pray;
On speeds the year.

No more the warbler's godly song
Is heard the hills and vales to throng
With joys that make the weak hearts strong,
And life seem dear.

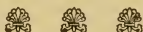
Death smiles upon the flowery race,
And all have left this earthly place,
Save here and there an angel face
May still appear.

The grass no longer wears the green;
From lakes and streamlets we can glean
That soon no more their waves be seen
In rippling cheer.

The busy squirrel this season knows
And to all mankind this lesson shows:
Prepare, prepare for coming snows
And wild storms near.

The summer's sun leans toward the west,
And winter bids the earth be dressed,

And coolly wait his ice-bound test
 Without a fear.
 And so I, too, with fearless eye
 Will watch the loving summer die,
 Assured this mourning will be by
 In half a year.



Just Rock-a-feller, and his soil, produces our
 rich Standard Oil.

Some to forbear stepping on insects tread the
 hearts of their fellowman.



A CAPITALIST'S COMPLAINT.

Damn those workers, ever kicking!
 Always wanting higher pay;
 We will never fill those gluttons,
 If we do not change their way.

Now my slaves have kept on grumbling
 For a full half year or more;
 Kept me busy planning, scheming
 How to rob them as before.

Kept me buying labor leaders—
 This one seems to lose his hold;
 That one's shoes are growing tighter;
 T'other's toes are getting cold.

Anvil Sparks

Labor troubles are increasing,
 Social rank is being forced.
 Here 'tis almost past the season,
 And not once have I divorced!

I'm so taken up with strikers,
 Really 'tis a downright shame,
 I've but figured in one scandal,
 Caught in just one bunco game.

Have not had a puppy birthday
 For eight weeks—no, almost nine;
 Killed but two while auto driving,
 And almost missed that monkey dine.



Tell a girl a man's salary and she'll know
 how much to love him.

The only ears to trust with a secret are ears
 of corn.



COME, JOIN US.

I'll make me a song of Arcade,
 Of the joyous times to come,
 When dead will be the cry of greed
 And debasing profit's hum.

For my heart is full, and my soul does yearn
 To forget the sordid NOW,

My brain is racked with the cares of life—
Necessity's thund'ring "HOW?"

And here is the song that I will sing
And may all who hear take heart,
And forge to that time of Arcade
Of which my song is part:

We are free and merry,
As freemen ought to be;
The pangs of care and sorrow
Are sunken in the sea.

Our babes no longer suffer,
Our children sport and play;
And no one now does offer
His life for meagre pay.

Every soul is active
And gayly does his part.
No human e'er is auctioned
Upon a public mart.

And many words that have been
A part of daily tongue,
Are mentioned now as relics
When men were ruled by wrong.

Such words as slave and master,
Profit, hate, and greed,
Starvation, stealth, or idler,
Unemployment, need.

Anvil Sparks

And many more such symbols
Once writ in human blood
Are washed away forever—
Now all we know is GOOD.

We work and think in comfort,
We bow to none in fear—
We know no creed or country,
We all are comrades here.

No wonder, then, we're merry,
As freemen ought to be;
Come, join us in our pleasure,
At last the world is FREE!



Many a judge is behind the wrong bar.
Most girls fear thoughts as they do mice.
You can tell a henpecked husband by his
cackle.



IS THAT SO?

A baby is a funny thing,
The queerest thing on earth;
A creature void of usefulness,
Ten make one penny's worth.
A thing that like the old gray owl
Sleeps only thru the day;

But all night long does screech and howl
As tho 'twas done for pay.
A bundle full of screaming sounds,
A nuisance everywhere;
Enough to drive the strongest man
To swearing and despair.



God would be good but he lost one O.
Love is nature sighing to itself.
Flattery is a human magnet.

THE END

DEC 12 1910

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

DEC 24 1910

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 905 567 A

